

Words on paper

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Summary: Hijack Week day 6: Secret Admirer. What are written words if not the essence of what one wants to express?

Words on paper

The door to the men's bathroom opened to let out a tired boy. He didn't particularly have any business in there, he just wanted to get out of that vapid classroom before the bell rang and he found himself trampled by his bigger schoolmates. Adjusting his green beanie over his disheveled auburn hair, Hiccup made his way to his locker down the hall, but not really making half of the way when the damning sound of perdition rang all over the building and whenever the annoying noise could reach. He hurried up as doors opened all over the hall, waves of chatting students coming out in a race to reach the cafeteria and the backyard. Shoulders bumping him from everywhere, the green-eyed teen had to flow between the mass of people as swiftly as he could, trying to avoid being hit on the nose or having his glasses broken again.

Finally reaching his locker (not without sporting some brand new bruises, if he might add), he stopped in front of it to straighten his clothes and adjust whatever was falling, then reached for the lock, only to come face to face with a blue post-it sticking to the metal. His heart began to race as he grabbed it and stuck it into his pocket, not wanting a repeat of last time.

Hamish "Hiccup" Haddock, 17 years old, last year of High School, was really known in school, not because of being good at sports, or overly attractive, or too intelligent (well, that last he was, but it didn't give him any good reactions from the others at all); he was well known for being Snotlout's favorite punching bag, and overall a complete nerd who spent his time daydreaming about being able to fly and mythical creatures. What a freak, right?

But since a few weeks ago, he'd been receiving small notes in

different places: his locker, his designated desk at classrooms (if he thought about that, it was a bit creepy how they knew what classes he had), even once at the mirror when he was in the bathroom. The notes were incredibly cliché, incredibly sloppy, and incredibly sweet, albeit using a typical pickup line. He remembered finding the first note inside his locker and, after reading it, wondering if someone had mistaken his locker for someone else's, but then he turned the paper around and it said clearly "for the dopey dragon-boy", and being that it was the nickname everyone used at the moment of his weekly beating, he supposed it was for him after all.

"Hey, what you got there, midget?"

Oh yeah. Weekly beating. Just in time, by the way.

"Oh, just homework, Snotlout, maybe you want to do some, you know, to try something new?" sarcasm was his biggest defense, and the reason he got hit in the stomach in response. Again. Geez, he had to learn to control his mouth.

"Don't try to be a smartass with me, Haddock, or you'll know about 'trying something new'" the burly boy heard a crunching sound and noticed the piece of yellow paper being crushed in Hiccup's hand, and like a good bully, ripped it off of his hand "My, my, what do we have here! Awww, is this from your boyfriend, dragon-boy?"

"Give it back, Lout" he breathed heavily, clutching his still hurting abdomen "It's none of your business!"

"If I had to choose" Snotlout had started to read out-loud, the crowd of people that had gathered around to get their periodical diversion grinning at the prospect of humiliation for the small brunet "'I would be snow and you the sun, for as soon as you appear, I melt on the spot', isn't that sweet?" he laughed and crumbled it into a ball, throwing it at Hiccup's head under the loud, mean laughing of the other students "No way a girl sent you this, did your secret boy-toy sent you this, faggot?" Oh yeah, particular detail, Hiccup was openly gay since he was 15, and that just added up to the beating. Just wonderful.

"I said give me that back, dammit!" Punch to the jaw. "Y-you can't keep this going on f-forever" Push against the twins waiting behind him to grab him by the arms. "Yeah, see if I care, you damn jock wannabe!" Punch to the stomach. Rinse and repeat. As the beating went on and nobody did anything apart from smirking, taking photos or just staring, a path started to open between the mass of teenagers, a pale finger tapping Snotlout on the shoulder twice, coming back with the other fingers to form a firm fist that punched the living lights out of the bully when he turned to see who the hell dared to interrupt him.

Silence fell all over the place as some terrorized girls ran away and the twins, Ruff and Tuff, hurried to get a dazzled Snotlout to his feet and to the nearest bathroom to get the bloody nose to stop. Hiccup, without the support of arms holding him still, fell to the ground messily, clutching his now far from sure black and blue stomach and groaning in pain, when the same pale hand appeared in front of him, open in an offering that the redhead couldn't reject if he wanted to get to his feet anywhere during the day. Taking the

incredibly cold hand, he was hauled up and held when his legs quivered, head inevitably coming to rest on his savior's shoulder, heavy pants leaving his mouth.

Finally recovering his breath, he looked up to find a concerned face, ice blue eyes frowning and looking around at the people still lingering around.

"What are you waiting for? Get the fuck out of here before I have to repeat myself!" the deep voice send shivers down Hiccup's spine, the hand still holding the other's tightened a bit, but enough to get the attention of the white haired superhero "Hey, are you ok?" his voice was softer now, the kind one used when talking to a bedridden person "Can you stand now?"

Hiccup nodded, releasingâ€begrudginglyâ€the strong hand and leaning against the lockers to steady himself, taking a deep breath to shake of the last tremors running down his body "I'm fine, thank you" he smiled up and a small blush covered his freckled cheeks at the pepsodent smile he got in return.

"Ok then, I'll let you recover a little, be careful" he turned to leave, but a sound under his foot caught his attention, kneeling to grab the piece of paper that caused the whole mess "Oh damn, this is yours? I stepped on it, sorry" Hiccup sighed, still smiling, and shrugged it off.

"It's ok, I can still read it so no damage done" he grabbed the note and tucked it away in one of his books, grabbing his bag and storing it inside, just as the bell rang again, making him flinch and cover one of his ears "Ugh, stupid thing. I...should be going now" he smiled sheepishly at the pale guy "Thank you again, for helping me"

"Hey, it's what anyone should doâ€or at least civilized people" his blue eyes glared at the hurrying students passing next to them "Well, see you around then, I guess" he waved and turned to leave, walking around the corner and leaving Hiccup to turn the other way and walk slowly to the nursery, his painkiller and ice bag surely waiting him as usual after a commotion like that.

Now, with the blue note secured on the inner pocket of his jacket, he ranâ€ more like walked quickly, didn't need detention for running on the halls, thank youâ€to the bathroom, locking himself in a stall and pulling out the note to read today's message.

\_'Sometimes is hard to write something poetic, especially when you appear as stunning as today and take every word from my mind and leave like a fish gaping out of the water'\_

Sighing happily, Hiccup turned the note just to reassure himself when the sloppy 'dragon-boy' came into view. He wondered if it was even possible to fall in love with someone just through words. He knew it was a guy who wrote all that, the messy writing, election of words and a small slip in one of the notes gave it away. He stood and put the note in the small notebook he used to keep the now daily notes safe, closing his bag and flushing the toilet just in case someone had entered the bathroom while he was inside.

At lunch he went to his usual spot on a bench under a tree in the

backyardâ€”no one would let him sit with them at the cafeteriaâ€”and knowingly stuck a hand under the bench to find a flapping piece of pink paper stuck to it. Apparently his 'stalker' knew where he would be on a daily routine basis, and he used to find extra notes everywhere without having to worry about someone else finding them. This one was short, just a small compliment on how much his eyes shone like a pair of emeralds under the light, but still as sweet as any other. Who cared about having lunch alone if it meant being able to giggle unworriedly like a schoolgirl in love.

\_"I kind of am, though"\_ he thought, wishing his adulator would appear and sit with him.

He sighed again and took a sandwich from his paper lunch bag, looking around the place to finally set his eyes on a familiar head of white hair. The guy who had saved his ass weeks ago was none other than Jackson Overland "Frost", a normal guy who didn't actually had many friends apart from a short, plump blonde guy and a pretty, multi-colored haired girl, but he spent most of his time alone anyway. From what he'd heard he was really good at any ice/snow sport and didn't like hanging on big groups, something with not being used to physical contact and big crowds. Suddenly blue met green and Hiccup almost fell back when a smile stretched over Jack's handsome face.

\_"Dream on, Hiccup, like he'd ever think of you like that"\_

Avoiding eye contact for the rest of the time, he finished his lunch and raced back inside and into his classroom, wanting to spend time alone a bit before the herd of mindless sheep he called classmates got back to class.

Finally, after a really long day, and waiting for everyone to leave, he stood and walked to his locker for the last time that day, surprised to find not only a note on the metal door, but a path of them on the floor, going around the corner and disappearing from view. He grabbed them one by one, following the trail and having a hard time holding them all in the mess they were in his hands. He stopped a moment to put them in order, taking the chance to read through them.

\_'You're amazing'\_

\_'I love your eyes'\_

\_'Has anyone ever told you you scrunch your nose when you read? It's adorable'\_

\_'Your freckles are like constellations I'd love to map with my lips'\_

\_'I bet you taste as sweet as you look'\_

And Hiccup couldn't be redder or more pleased, self-esteem raising a bit with every note. He hadn't noticed he'd walked slowly while reading, following the path and unconsciously picking up more notes until he found himself in front of the library doors. Tucking the bunch of paper under his arm, he opened it slowly, the setting sun shining through the windows blinding him a moment as the door closed behind him without a sound. There, next to a window, a table was

completely filled with multi-colored sheets of paper of different sizes, all of them with writing on them, and next to the table, standing next to the glass panel, under the soft hues of orange from the sun, stoodâ€|

"â€|Jack?"

"Oh, you know my name then, that's good" the taller teen smiled and walked around the table, hands in the front pocket of his blue hoodie, moving slightly under the fabric "But I don't remember giving it to you, stalker much?" he said with a grin, knowing well the irony of his comment.

Hiccup rolled his eyes and looked down, a bashful smile blooming over his slightly crooked teeth "Yeah, well, you are quite the talk for some teachers, you know, almost impossible to not hear your name one or twelve times in a conversation on the halls" he turned to the papers on the table "â€|Didâ€|did you really write all those? All the ones that I've been receiving?"

Now Jack looked bashful "I'm sorry if the first one got you into trouble, didn't mean for that bastard to hurt you"

Hiccup shook his head "Don't worry, I'm used to it anyway" wow, that sounded pathetic now that he'd said it out loud "But you still don't answer me; did you write those?"

"Yeahâ€|those, the ones of your locker, in the bench, the creepy one in the bathroom mirror" he chuckled "Man, was that a thing of the moment or what" his hands moved a bit more inside his pocket "Iâ€|I didn't know how to approach you at first, so the first day, you arrived smiling, actually smiling and not just serious or grumpy or sad or tired, and it was like the sun had appeared over all the place. I couldn't resist so I grabbed the first thing I found and left you a message, then I couldn't stop, seeing how you smiled more and more each time you found one. You are so cute, you know?" he laughed when Hiccup reddened, glasses slipping down the bridge of his nose.

"I-I don't know what to sayâ€|I never thought someone would be actually interested in me so Iâ€|never actually thought in who would be the one sending them" he looked up to the icy pools staring softly at him "But now that I think about it, the one with the snow reference should have told me something" he chuckled and changed his weight from one leg to the other, hugging the bunch of papers he collected against his chest.

"Yeah, well, I have a last one, and wanted to give it to you in person, if you don't mind me being so straight-forward"

"Jack, you've been sending me anonymous messages for weeks, you really think this is being too straight-forward?"

Jack scratched his head, putting on a sheepish smile "Right, sorry Hic" oh man, his name sounded good coming from that mouth, even as a diminutive.

"I don't remember giving you my name either" Hiccup smirked "But what is that one you wanted to give me that is so important?"

Finally Jack took his hands out of his pocket, holding a green piece of paper in one hand, he handed it to Hiccup who read it and smiled, pink coming to his cheeks once more.

\_ 'Would you go out with me?' \_

"Of course I will, did you even need to ask?" the redhead laughed and folded the note neatly in half, putting it on his breast pocket and crossing his arms behind his back, bouncing on his heels "So, now or later?"

Jack's smile could not be bigger if the Tooth Fairy herself were holding his jaw open "Now is good, I can walk you home, then I'd have one more place to send letters to"

Hiccup snorted and grabbed the cold hand that now seemed so warm "Creepo" but nonetheless pulled Jack along, halting with a gasp one step before reaching the library's door "Wait a minute please!" he then rushed back and grabbed all the notes over the table, filling his bag with them and walking back to Jack.

The pale teens smirked and pulled him close, leaning down to deposit a soft kiss to the freckled forehead "Let's go then" he whispered.

And so they left, holding hands and a bag crunching with the sound of a thousand words from a secret admirer.

Well, not so secret anymore, right?

End  
file.